

Moon Shoes

It is my understanding that teenagers are the number one spenders in America today. I completely agree with this statistic. As a teen, I know that I still continue to have problem with my spending habits. I constantly find myself holding a twenty dollar bill only to realize that it can remain in my back pocket for a record time of five minutes. Since I am being totally honest about myself, I can say that I spend money like a cow eats grass. I am sure that if my money could talk, it would say goodbye. Unlike a few others, I started getting rid of my cash flow at an early age. I remember my very first purchase that I regret. Although I have had many more of these items of guilt, the moon shoes have to be the worst. Because of my horrible habit of spending my money, I have created a twisted story to tell about how I bought these shoes, had problems with them, and eventually learned a lesson or two.

The product was moon shoes and the target is none other than me. Here I am, eight years old, and I have the television about two feet within my sight. I never can get myself to back up any farther than that. As I am watching my all time favorite show, Power Rangers, it goes to a commercial break. I sit there and halfway pay attention to the advertisements because of the extravagant plot going through my head about whether the Pink Ranger will defeat the mutants. All of a sudden something catches my eye. There are bright, vibrant colors flashing every way on the screen. I sit and think to myself that this has to be the coolest commercial I have ever seen. "MOON SHOES" is shining all over the television. The narrator sounds very excited about this brand new toy. It is a trampoline, in a shoe! All of the characters in the commercial are doing back flips off walls and jumping to what seems like fifty feet in the air. It is the most amazing thing I have ever come into contact with. These shoes are magical. I am very short for my age and I constantly get picked on, so I know that these incredible moon shoes can make my

life easier. Who am I kidding? These shoes would make me the most popular girl in my class. While all the other kids are picking their noses and drinking their apple juice, I can be out on my moon shoes just like I am bouncing in space. The narrator screams with glee that the shoes of wonder are on sale for the extremely low price of one hundred dollars. I say I must buy them and I run to my mom to ask. Of course the answer is no, so I devise a plan to save my allowance money. I get ten dollars a week, so I save my cash for about two and a half months. I have the one hundred dollars. All my hard work is about to pay off. I quickly get my parents to call the toll free number and I pay them for the shoes.

I wait about two everlasting weeks for the shoes. They finally show up on my doorstep after school. The cardboard box looks like it has been out through a blender, and then run over. I could care less. All I want to do is rip this thing open and earn my prize. As I tear through the tape and carefully see the contents, I quickly become disappointed. It is awful. Inside the box are three things: big black platform rings, a foot support, and rubber bands. It looks absolutely nothing like the television ad makes it out to be. As I read the instruction manual, it tells me to attach the rubber bands to the foot support and then stretch them to the platform. When I do this and stand on the support, my feet quickly sink to the ground. I quickly realize that it takes a few more than just a couple rubber bands. I attach about twenty to each side and I start to feel powerful. My shoes are going to work. As I stand up on them, the bands finally hold me up. I take one step forward with great integrity, and the velcro snaps. As I am colliding with my carpet, I begin to feel the anger rising. I then let my frustration take over and I attach every single rubber band to the shoes. I make it outside with them on and they make a huge clomping sound every step of the way. When I get on the grass, I attempt to jump up and down. It works for approximately ten seconds. As I hit the ground on my fifth jump, the rubber bands begin to

stretch to their maximum. Suddenly, they all break and so does my ankle. One trip to the Emergency Room finishes off my story.

Mom and dad do not even have to give me a lecture about my situation. I learn my lesson on my own. As glorious as the television, radio, or even newspaper may make things sound, it is more than likely not as spectacular as they say. I would like to say that I have completely learned for the better going through something like this at an early age, but I really have not. I am a young adult, but I am still a teen. That means I remain to be part of the statistics on spending for a couple more years. However, I do know that saving money is important and I do not spend my cash on items that I am not totally sure of their value. I think that my situation with buying Moon Shoes, having problems with them, and learning a lesson allows me to better understand the significance of money and protects me from making rational decisions.